THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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One quarter of a column	$18 00
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One-half of a column	35 00
Three-quarters of a column	52 00
One column	69 00

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Selected Poetry.

THE LAST CHARGE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Men of the North! will you join in the strife
For country! for freedom, for honor, for life?
The giant grows blind in his fury and spite—
The curse on his forehead will settle the fight!

Flash fall in his eyes the blue lightning of steel;
And stun him with cannon bolts, peal upon peal!
Shout, troopers, and follow your game to its lair
As the hound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare.

Blow, trumpets, your summons, till sluggards awake!
Beat, drums, till the roof of the faint hearted shake!
Yet, ere the signet is stamped on the scroll,
Their names may be traced on the blood sprinkled roll!

Trust not the false herald that painted your shield;
Your honor to-day must be sought on the field!
The scutcheon shows white a blazon of red—
Six drops of crimson for liberty shed!

The hour is at hand and the moment draws nigh!
The dog star of treason grows dim in the sky!
Shine forth from the battle cloud, light of the morn,
Call back the bright hour when the nation was born!

The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run!
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun;
Smite, smite the proud barricade down from his throne!
He expire once broken the world is our own!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Selected Miscellany.

THE CABRIOLET

A Glimpse of Private History.

We desire to get to Dole as soon as possible; so the next morning—*voila un cabriolet!*—to catch the diligence that passes through the old town of Semur. This French cabriolet which we take at Buffon, is very much like a Scotch horse-cart with a top upon it. It has a broad leather-cushioned seat in the back, large enough for three persons. One is already occupied by a pretty woman, of some four or five and twenty. The postillion is squatted on a list of timber that forms the whipple-tree. We bid adieu to our accommodating landlady, take off our hat to the landlady's daughter, and so go jolting out of the old French town of Buffon, which, ten to one, we shall never see again in our lives.

What think you, pray, of a drive in a French cabriolet, with a woman of five-and-twenty? We will tell you all just as it happened. Our cigar chances to be unfinished. 'Of course, smoking was offensive to mademoiselle?'

It proved otherwise; 'Oh no! her husband was a great smoker.'

'Ah, *ma foi!* can it be that madame, so young, is indeed married!'

'It is indeed true'—and there is a trace both of pleasure and of sadness in the woman's eye.

We begin to speculate upon what that gleam of pleasure and of sadness may mean; and finally, curiosity gains on speculation. 'Perhaps madame is travelling from Paris like ourselves!'

'No; but she has been at Paris. What a charming city! those delicious Boulevards and the shops, and the Champs Elysees!'

'And if madame is not coming from Paris, perhaps she is going to Paris?'

'*Non plus;*' even now we are not right. 'She is coming from Chalons, she is going to Semur?'

'Madame lives then, perhaps, at Semur?'

'Pardon, she is going for a visit.'

'And her husband is left alone then?'

'Pardon (and there is a manifest sigh), he is not alone.' And madame rearranges the bit of lace on each side of her bonnet, and turns half around, as to show more fairly a very pretty brunette face, and an exceedingly Spanish eye.

'We are curious to know if it is madame's first visit to Semur?'

'*Du tout!*' and she sighs.

'Madame then has friends at Semur?'

'*Ma foi! je ne saurais vous dire.*' She does not know.

'This is very odd, we think. 'And who can madame be going to visit?'

'Her father—if he is still living.'

'But how can she doubt, if she has lived so near as Chalons?'

'Pardon, I have not lived at Chalons, but at Bordeaux, and Montpelier, and Lyon, and along the Biscayan mountains.'

'And is it long since she has seen her father?'

'Very long; ten long, long years; when they were so happy! Ah! the charming country of Semur; the fine sunny vineyards, and all so gay, and her sister and little brother'—(madame pulls a handkerchief of *battiste* out of a little silken bag.)

We turn slightly to have a fuller sight of her. We knew, 'it would be a sad thing to meet them all!'

'*Jamais*, Mousieur, never, I cannot; they are gone!' and she turned her head away.

The French country-women are simple-minded, earnest, and tell a story much better and easier than any women in the world. We thought—we said, indeed—'she was young to have wandered so far; she must have been very young to have quitted her father's house ten years gone by.'

'Very young—very foolish, Monsieur, I see,' says she, turning, 'that you want to know how it was, and if you will be so good as to listen, I will tell you, Monsieur.'

Of course we were very happy to listen to so charming a story-teller; and our readers as well, perhaps.

'You know, Monsieur, the quiet of one of our little country towns very well; Semur is one of them. My father was a small *proprietaire*; the house he lived in is not upon the road, or I would show it to you by-and-by. It had a large court-yard, with an arched gateway—and there were two hearts cut upon the top-stone; the initials of my grandfather and grandmother on either side; and all were pierced by a little dart. I dare say you have seen many such as you have wandered through the country; but now-a-days they do not make them.

'Well, my mother died when I was a little girl, and my father was left with three children—my sister, little Jacques, and I. Many and many a time we used to romp about the court-yard, and sometimes go into the fields at vineyard dressing, and pluck off the long tendrils; and I would tie them round the head of little Jacques; and my sister, who was a year older than I, and whose name was Lucie, would tie them around my head. It looked very pretty, to be sure, Monsieur; and I was so proud of little Jacques, and of myself too; I wish they would come back, Monsieur—thosetimes! Do you know I think sometimes that, in Heaven, they will come back?

'I do not know which was prettiest, Lucie or I; she was taller and had lighter hair; and mine, you see, is dark. (Two rows of curls hung each side of her face, jet black.) I know I was never envious of her.'

'There was little need.'

'You think not, Monsieur; you shall see, presently.

'I have told you that my father was a small *proprietaire*; there was another in the town whose lands were greater than ours, and who boasted of having been some time connected with noble blood, and who quite looked down upon our family. But there is little of that feeling left now in the French country—and I thank God for it, Monsieur. And Jean Frere, who was a son of this proud gentleman, had none of it when we were young.

'There was no one in the village he went to see oftener than he did Lucie and me. And we talked like girls then, about who should marry Jean, and never thought of what might really happen; and our *bonne* used to say, when we spoke of Jean, that there were others as good as Jean in the land, and capital husbands in plenty. And then we would laugh, and sometimes tie the hand of Jacques to the hand of some pretty girl, and so marry them, and never mind Jacques' pettish struggles, and the pouts of the little bride; and Jean himself would laugh as loud as any at this play. Sometimes Jean's father would come when we were romping together, and take Jean away; and sometimes kiss little Jacques, and say he was a young rogue, but have never a word for us.

'So matters went on till Lucie was eighteen, and Jacques a fine tall lad. Jean was not so rich as he had been, for his father's vineyard had grown poor. Still he came to see us, and all the village said there would be a marriage some day: and some said it would be Lucie, and some said it would be I. And now it was I began to watch Lucie when Jean came; and to count the times he danced with Lucie, and then to count the times that he danced with me. But I did not dare to joke with Lucie about Jean, and when we were together alone, we scarce ever talked of Jean.'

'You were not in love with him, of course?'

'I did not say so,' said madame. 'But he was handsomer than any of the young men we saw; and I so young—never mind! You do not know how jealous I became. We had a room together Lucie and I, and often in the night I would steal to her bed and listen, to find if she ever whispered anything in her dreams; and sometimes when I came in at evening, I would find her weeping. I remember I went to her once, and put my arm softly around her neck, and asked her what it was that troubled her; and she only sobbed. I asked her if I had offended her; 'You!' said she, *'ma sœur, ma mignonne!'* and she laid her head upon my shoulder, and cried more than ever; and I cried too.

'So matters went on, and we saw, though we did not speak to each other of it, that Jean came to see us more and more rarely, and looked sad when he parted with us, and did not play so often with little Jacques. At length—how it was we women never knew—it was said that poor Jean's father, the proud gentleman, had lost all his money, and that he was going away to Paris. We felt very badly; and we asked Jean, the next time he came to see us, if it was all true? He said that it was true, and that the next year they were going away, and that he should never see us again. Poor Jean!—how he squeezed my hand as he said this; but in his other hand he held Lucie's. Lucie was more sensitive than I, and when I looked at her, I could see the tears were coming in her eyes.

'You will be sorry when I am gone?' said Jean.

'You know we shall,' said I; and I felt the tears coming too.

'A half year had gone, and the time was approaching when Jean was to leave us. He had come at intervals to pass his evenings with us; he was always a little moody, as if some trouble was preying on his mind; and was always very kind to Lucie, and kinder still, I thought, to me. At length, one day, his father, a stately old gentleman, came down and asked to see my father; and he staid with him half an hour, and the thing was so new that the whole village said there would be a marriage. And I wandered away alone with little Jacques, and sat down under an old tree—I shall try hard to find the place—and twisted a garland for little Jacques, and then tore it in pieces; and twisted another and tore that in pieces, and then cried, so that Jacques said he believed I was crazy. But I kissed him and said, 'no Jacques, sister is not crazy!'

'When I went home, I found Lucie sad, and papa sober and thoughtful; but he kissed me very tenderly, and told me, as he often did, how dearly he loved me. The next day Jean did not come, nor the next, nor the next after. I could not bear it any longer, so I asked papa what Jean's father had said to him, and why Jean did not come? He kissed me, and said that Jean wanted to take his child away from him. And I asked him—though I remember I had hardly breath to do it—what he had told him?

'I told him,' said papa, 'that if Lucie would marry Jean, and Jean would marry Lucie, they might marry, and I would give them a father's blessing.'

'I burst into tears, and my father took me in his arms; perhaps he thought I was sorry to lose my sister; I don't know. When I had strength to go to our chamber, I threw myself into Lucie's arms and cried as if my heart would break.

'She asked me what it meant? I said, 'I love you, Lucie!' And she said, 'I love you, Lisette!'

'But soon I found that Jean had sent no message—that he had not come—that all I told Lucie, of what my father had said, was new to her; and she cried afresh; and we dared say nothing to her of Jean. I fancied how it was; for Jean's father was a proud gentleman, and would never make a second request of such *bourgeois* as we. Soon we heard that he had gone away, and that he had taken Jean along with him. I longed to follow—to write him even; but, poor Lucie!—I was not certain but he might come back to claim her. Often and often I wandered up by his father's old country house, and I asked the steward's wife how he was looking when he went away. 'Oh,' said she, *'le pauvre jeune homme;* he was so sad to leave his home!' And I thought to myself bitterly,—did this make all his sadness?

'A whole year passed by, and we heard nothing of him. A regiment had come into the *arrondissement*, and a young officer came occasionally to see us. Now, Monsieur, I am ashamed to tell you what followed. Lucie had not forgotten Jean; and I—God knows!—had not forgotten him. But papa said the officer would make a good husband for me, and he told me as much himself. I did not disbelieve him; but I did not love him as I had loved Jean, and I doubted if Jean would come back, and I knew not but he would come back to marry Lucie, though I felt sure that he loved me better than Lucie. So, Monsieur, it happened that I married the young officer, and became a soldier's wife, and in a month went away from my old home.

'But that was not the worst, Monsieur; before I went, there came a letter from Paris for me, in Jean's own writing.'

'Madame turned her head again. Even the postillion had suffered his horses to get into a dog-trot jog, that he now made up for by terrible thwacking, and a pestilent shower of oaths; partly, perhaps, to deaden his feelings.'

'The letter,' said Madame, going on, 'told me how he had loved me, how his father had told him what my father had said; and how he had forbidden him, in his pride, to make any second proposal; and how he had gone away to forget his griefs, but could not; and he spoke of a time, when he would come back and claim me, even though he should forget and leave his father. The whole night I cried over that letter, but never showed it to Lucie. I was glad that I was going away; but I could not love my husband.

'You do not know how bitter the parting was for me; not so much to leave my father and Lucie, and Jacques, but the old scenes where I had wandered with Jean, and where we had played together, and where he was to come back again perhaps, and think as he would of me. I could not write him a letter even. I was young then, and did not know but my duty to my husband would forbid it. But I left a little locket he had given me, and took out his hair, and put in place of it a lock of my own, and scratched upon the back with a needle, 'Jean, I loved you; it is too late; I am married; *Jean pleura!*' And I handed it to little Jacques, and made him promise to show it to no one, but to hand to Jean, if he ever came again to Semur. Then I kissed my father, and my sister, and little Jacques again and again, and bid them all adieu—as well as I could for my tears; I have never been in Semur since, Monsieur.'

'And what became of Jean?'

'You know,' continued she, 'that I could not love my husband, and I was glad we were going far away, where I hoped I might forget all that had happened at home; but God did not so arrange it.

'We were staying in Montpelier; you have been in Montpelier, Monsieur, and will remember the pretty houses along the Rue de Paris; in one of them we were living. Every month or two came letters from Lucie—sad, very sad, at the first—and I forgot about myself through pity of her. At length came one that told me that Jean had come back; and it went on to say how well he was looking. Poor Lucie did not know how it all went to my soul, and how many tears her letters cost me.

'Afterward came letters in gayer temper—still full of the praises of Jean; and she wondered why I was not glad to hear so much of him, and wondered that my letters were growing so gloomy. Another letter came still gayer, and a postscript that cut me to the heart; the postscript was in Jacques' scrawling hand, and said that all the village believed that Jean was to marry sister Lucie. 'We shall be so glad,' it said, 'if you will come home to the wedding!'

'Oh, Monsieur, I had thought I loved Lucie. I am afraid I did not. I wrote no answer; I could not. By-and-by came a thick letter with two little doves upon the seal. I went to my room and barred the door, and cried over it, without daring to open it. The truth was as I had feared—Jean had married Lucie. Oh, my feelings—my bitter feelings, Monsieur! Pray Heaven you may never have such!

'My husband grew indignant at my sadness, and I disliked him more and more. Again we changed our quarters to the mountains, where the troops had been ordered, and for a very long time no letter came to me from home. I had scarce a heart to write, and spent day after day in my chamber. We were five years along the Pyrenees; you remember the high mountains about Pau, and the snowy tops that you can see from the houses; but I enjoyed nothing of it all. By-and-by came a letter with a black seal, in the straggling hand of my poor father, saying that Jean and Lucie had gone over the sea to the Isle of Mauritius, and that little Jacques had sickened of a fever and was dead. I longed to go and see my old father; but my husband could not leave, and he was suspicious of me, and would not suffer me to travel across France alone.

'So I spent years more—only one letter coming to me in all that time—whether stopped by my husband's orders or not I do not know. At length he was ordered with his regiment to Chalons sur Marne; there were old friends of his at Chalons, with whom he is stopping now. We passed through Paris and I saw all its wonders; yet I longed to get toward home. At length we set off for Chalons. It was five days before I could get my husband's leave to ride over to my old town. I am afraid he has grown to hate me now. You see that old Chateau in ruins,' says she, pointing out a mossy remnant of castle, on a hillock to the left—'it is only two kilometres from Semur. I have been there often with Jean and Lucie,' and madame looks earnestly, and with her whole heart in her eye, at the tottering old ruin. We ask the postillion the name, and jot it down in our note-book.

'And your father knows nothing of your return?'

'I have written from Chalons!' resumed madame, 'but whether he be alive to read it, I do not know.'

And she begins now to detect the cottages, on which in this old country ten years would make but little difference. The roofs are covered over with that dappled moss you see in Wafelet's pictures, and the high stone court-yards are gray with damp and age.

'*La voila!*' at length exclaims madame, clapping her hands; and in the valley into which we have just turned, and are now crick-cracking along in the crazy old cabriolet, appears the tall spire of Semur. A brown tower or two flank it, and there is a group of gray roofs mingled with the trees. Madame keeps her hands clasped and is silent. The postillion give his hat a jaunty air, and crosses himself as we pass a church by the way; and the farmeries pass us one by one; then come the paved streets, and the pigs, and the turbaned women in *sabots*, and boys' eyes, all intent; and thick houses, and provincial shops.

'The same dear old town of Semur!' says our female companion. And with a crack and a rumble, and a jolt, we are presently at the door of the inn. The woman runs her eye hastily over the loungers; apparently she is dissatisfied. We clamber down and assist her to dismount.

'Shall we make any inquiries for her?'

'*Oh, Mon Dieu! j'ai trop de peur!*' She is afraid to ask. She will go see; and away she starts—turns—throws back her veil—asks pardon—'we have been so kind'—bids God bless us—waves her hand and disappears around an angle of the old inn. 'Tis the last we see of her; for, in ten minutes we are rattling away towards Dole and the Juras.—*Ike Marcel's Seven Stories.*

DOMESTIC WINES.—There can be no doubt that the use of domestic wines is on the increase. Many people seem to have the impression that liquors fermented in their own houses, for their own drinking, are less intoxicating than such as are fermented for sale. But "wine is a mocker," no matter who makes it. Fermented currant or gooseberry juice is as really intoxicating as fermented grape-juice. Subtract from these pleasant drinks the alcohol that enters into their composition, and nobody could be hired to drink them.

There are two arguments getting current on this subject, which delude some well-meaning people. One is the argument of despair. Men will use exciting drinks, it is said, and if they can be induced to use light wines and lager they may be willing to dispense with stronger and more hurtful liquors. But the taste for alcoholic drinks is not a necessary or a natural, but an unnatural and vicious taste. Men who have formed and indulged it may have a difficulty in denying it. But that difficulty is not insuperable, and it is certain that no child need be educated into such a pernicious habit. The other argument is founded on a mistake in the matter of fact. It is alleged that there is less intemperance in wine countries than in others. This has been often asserted, but never proved, and cannot be. It has been disproved, by an amount and weight of testimony that on any other question but one of appetite would be irresistible.

This is coming to be a very serious question. California produced in 1862 about 700,000 gallons of wine, and the vineyards now under cultivation will shortly produce, it is estimated, nearly four million gallons annually. Wine is also produced in considerable and increasing quantities in Ohio and some of the older States. Its use will be urged by motives of appetite and avarice, and will call for the urgent consideration of the friends of temperance.

WORK FOR CHILDREN.—One of the greatest defects in the education of children, is in neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil peculiar to large towns and cities. A certain amount of work is necessary to the proper education of children; their future independence and comfort depends on their being accustomed to provide for the thousand constantly-recurring wants that nature entails on them. Even if this necessity did not exist, moderate employment of some kind would preserve them from bad habits; promote health and enable them to bear the confinement of the school-room, and teach them more than anything else appropriate views respecting their future welfare. It is too often the case that children, after spending six hours of the day in school, are permitted to spend the rest of the day as they please. They do not consider that their success in after life depends upon the improvement of their youthful hours. They grow up in the world without a knowledge of its toils and cares. They cannot appreciate the favors bestowed on them by their parents, as they do not know the toils they cost. Their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are constantly exposed to whatever vicious associations are within their reach. The daughter probably becomes that pitiable object, a fashionable girl. The son, if he surmounts the consequences of his parents' neglect, does it probably after his plans and station for life are fixed, when a knowledge of some of its important objects come to late. No man or woman is thoroughly educated if not required to labor. Whatever accomplishments they possess; whatever their mental training in the voyage of life, they require some practical knowledge and experience derived from accustoming themselves to useful labor of some sort.—*New York Sun.*

SUICIDE IN EUROPE.—Suicides increase in a more rapid ratio than population and mortality in general in Bavaria, Denmark, France, Hanover, Mecklenburg, Prussia, the kingdom of Saxony, and Sweden. Suicides are most frequent in Northern Germany, and in various parts of Denmark, Sweeden and Norway, though belonging to the same race, are proportionally inferior to Denmark in that respect. Contrary to a genrally adopted opinion, England stands nearly at the bottom of the scale; and so do Belgium, Austria and Spain. France holds an intermediate position; she would rank with the three last named countries, were it possible to eliminate the suicides of Paris, which are one-seventh of the total number in France. Generally, for every 100 suicides of men there are from 29 to 30 of women. The number of suicides is generally lowest in January, and highest in July. As to the causes, insanity and physical suffering are about as active in producing suicide among men as among women; as to the rest, the latter yield more to grief occasioned by moral causes than men, who are highly affected by material affliction, such as loss of property, bankruptcy, &c Drunkenness and debauchery only form an insignificant item among the causes impelling women to suicide. In Denmark, Spain and Saxony, the only countries where it has been possible to obtain reliable information on the subject, married people are least subject to commit suicide, and widowers, on the contrary, are most liable to it; but suicides are most frequently among married people that have been divorced or separated. In Prussia, in the course of two years, there were 153 suicides of Protestants per million, 51 of Israelites, and only 47 of Catholics per million of each. Suicides are much more numerous in capital cities than in the country. The general result of all these investigations show a universal and rapid increase of suicides. The author is of opinion that this is attributable to unlimited competition; to the immoderate thirst after wealth; to the progress of public instruction, which excites ambition; to political agitation, and to speculation. —*Galignani.*

PUSILANIMOUS PEACE.—"War never leaves, where it found a nation. It is never to be entered into without mature deliberation; not a deliberation lengthened out into a perplexing indecision, but a deliberation leading to a sure and fixed judgment. When so taken up, it is not to be abandoned without reason as valid, as fully and extensively considered. Peace may be made as unadvisably as war. Nothing is so rash as fear; and the councils of pusilanimity very rarely put off, whilst they are always sure to aggravate the evils from which they would fly."—*Burke.*

SLEEPING IN CHURCH—REMEDY.—Retire every night at the usual—early—hour, rise the same, when rested; take the usual fresh water or hand-bath, rub dry with a soft towel, then rub briskly the entire body with the hand till a healthy glow comes upon the entire surface; then take a light breakfast, after which such bodily exercise as may be compatible with health and the occasion.

It is related of Dr. Lyman Beecher, that in order to prepare himself for the services of the pulpit, he was accustomed on Sabbath mornings to go into his large open cellar and shovel a heap of sand from one side to the other to give him the necessary bodily exercise, to increase his mental vigor, and to keep him awake during the day. Riding on a horse—a common custom with many Methodist preachers—serves the same purpose, and hence they preach with such vigor and effect.

Then see to it that the sexton does his duty. He should have the church neither too warm nor too cold, nor too open, nor too close, but just right; and this requires very nice discrimination. A thermometer will aid him to give it the right temperature. The lungs of delicate people are so sensitive to extremes that they cannot endure crowded rooms, and many are reluctantly compelled to remain away from church, lectures, or concerts, etc., on this account. Many a deadly cough has been contracted in an overcrowded, ill-ventilated church. How often do we hear the remark, "I was so warm in church that I took cold on going out."

It is the dry atmosphere in an overheated church that causes such a tickling in the throat, and this makes persons cough and sneeze. Think of a church or cathedral crowded with hundreds of human beings, shivering with the winter's cold or sweltering in in the the summer's heat, breathing over and over again the vitiated and poisonous effluvia rising from so many smoking, steaming, and sweating human bodies.

Is it surprising that under such circumstances people go to sleep in meeting? Careful attention to the laws of life and health, which include eating, drinking, sleeping, and exercise, is necessary to put us in right relations to be instructed intellectually or properly impressed spiritually. Comply with these conditions, and then if you have a spirited speaker to preach the living, burning words of God's truth to you, you will neither doze nor sleep in church.—*Life Illustrated:*

POLITENESS.—If you have an enemy, and opportunity occurs to benefit him in matters great or small, act like a gentleman, and do him good service without hesitation. If you would know what it is to feel noble, and "strong within yourself," do this secretly and keep it secret. A man who can act thus will soon feel at ease anywhere. It is said of Callot, an eminent French artist and engraver of the seventeenth century, that he was once slandered in a pasquinade by a certain nobleman of the court. At that time, to have one's portrait engraved by Callot was an object of ambition with the highest dignitaries of the kingdom, and it was attained by very few. Callot's answer to the injury was to publish a superbly executed likeness of his enemy, with an inscription setting forth his titles and great deeds. To this day the incident is cited as an instance of proud nobility of soul. Callot was in the highest sense polite.

Politeness is shown by passing over the faults and foibles of those whom you meet. Cultivate this especially towards relatives. The world is severe in its judgment of those who expose the faults of kindred, no matter what the provocation may be. Vulgar families are almost always at feud. It is not polite to detail injuries which you may have received from any one, unless there exist some urgent necessity for so doing.

A REBEL LOVE LETTER.—This purports to be a letter from Sergt. Graham of the rebel army, picked up on one of the late battle-fields in Virginia:

My Sainted Love: If the Yankee cusses will let me alone, I will write you a letter. Gen. U. S. Grant is a bull-dog, and Meade is a match for the devil. No matter how deeply we ensconce ourselves in the woods, the Yankees are sure to find us out. They charge on our works again and again, and very often take them from us. They fight more fiercely than I have ever seen them. As for digging, Grant beats McClellan all hollow. The Yankees build strong rifle pits, and then our brave officers ask us to charge them. We have done so, and they have given us hell every time. My sainted love, you will excuse me for using this laugnage, but if you were with us you would say that they gave us hell, too. My patriotic fair one, I am almost tired of this! So long as there appeared a chance of achieving our national independence, I fought with a will; but that hope seems dashed to the earth. I have no heart to strive any longer to keep Jeff Davis from going to the devil sooner than he otherwise would.

ANTS.—A correspondent of the *Horticulturist* says it is only necessary to sprinkle some ground coffee on the ant-hills or on those places where the insects are frequently seen, and within fifteen minutes not one of them will be found. This is an old plan, but NEVER fails.

—It is said of the female volunteers occasionally found in our army, that they pant for adventure and pant for glory, and having a pair of pants they put them on.

NATURE NEEDS A BORDER.—Nature, like art, seems to require a border, in order to be finished. The dressmaker hems and ruffles; the carpenter has his beads and pilasters; the painter never rests till his picture is framed. * * * * If we should say nature loves a bordering, as it use to be said she abhorred a vacuum, we might state the whole truth. An uninterrupted plane, a continuity of similar surface, vast, monotonous, silent, intolerable. So a column must have its cap, and house its cornice, so along the highway spring innumerable flowers, and on its margin the forest is lavish of foliage; so the sea is terminated by the sky, and we look at the sky through vistas embanked and woofy cloud. Were you ever in a grove of a bright moonlight niuht? How different from standing upon a mountain at such a time! We recommend to any one on an eminence to go back from the brink thereof, and stand in the forest, and look out through the breaks and crevices. A moss rose is an instance in point beautiful because it is bordered; it is a landscape seen through trees. So a view through half raised window curtains, and distant scenery through a long suite of rooms; so are light on foregrounds, and shadows on foregrounds, on all pictures.—*Sylvester Judd.*

A GOOD RULE.—A certain man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. After this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and soon it became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every one who reads this do likewise.

MEMORY OF WRONG.—A rich landlord once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. A son, a little boy of eight years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter, and painted a life likeness of the dark scene. Years afterwards he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered any sum to purchase it that he might put it out of sight. Thus there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life likeness, reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must meet our earth life again.

TWILIGHT THE MOTHER'S OPPORTUNITY.—What loving mother does not know the value of the twilight hour, when her children tired of play, or interrupted in their chosen amusements by the waning light, are unconsciously attracted to her side by the cheerful fireside's glow? The day's boisterous mirth is subdued, and the troubles and disappointments of the day are softened or forgotten in this charmed hour. Motherly admonition is then more tenderly given, and more gently received; and the little secrets and confessions, which might shrink from daylight, are now confidingly poured into the loving ear.

—Punch lets us into the secret of Gariba'di's sudden eruption and evasion from Britain. One was this: Martin Farquhar Tupper was preparing to speak an ode to him, composed for the occasion. No wonder he ran! Another was (we quote); "being pestered by ladies for autographs and other memorials. At the time he departed he had already consumed three mattresses sending ladies locks of his hair."

—Winter Davis failed signally on attempting to introduce his reports from the committee on foreign relations censuring the diplomatic policy of Mr. Seward. He had secured, he thought copperhead votes enough to enable him to get in his report by a two-thirds vote, but only three administration men voted with him, and he lacked twelve of even having majority. What makes this more mortifying is that copies of the report had been sent to sore-head republican papers,

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—The great Wiard gun which has lately been cast at Trenton, New Jersy, and the bulkiest piece of ordnance ever constructed in this country, was burst on the first trial, on Saturday. The gun was thirteen feet in length, six feet in exterior diameter and weighed over 46,000 pounds. The charge which burst the gun consisted of 80 pounds of quick burning powder with a ball weighing 900 pounds. One piece of the gun weighing 15,000 pounds was blown 200 feet.

—Mr. Isaac Page of Lowell, has an apple tree which never blossoms, and yet is loaded every year with fruit. Grafts from its blossom. The seeds are frequently partially or wholly exposed to view at the outside of the "blow" end of the fruit, while the centre of the fruit is as compact as that of a turnip.

—New York is becoming healthy—only 440 deaths last week, a decrease of 8 from the preceding week, though and increase on the number for the same week last year, which can be explained by the increase of population.

—The Saratoga hotels opened June 1, according to promise, and quite a number of early guests are already dropping in.